

Syed Jaffery, tenor, is a senior music major from Salisbury, MD. He recently performed multiple roles in *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change* and is a state NATS winner and regional finalist in college men's musical theater. Syed is equally at home in the field of science and will attend med school in fall 2017.

Maggie Jones, mezzo-soprano, is a junior vocal performance major from Salisbury. She was also seen recently in the musical revue *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change* and was the second place winner in the 2016 MD/DC NATS competition in the sophomore women's musical theatre category.

Jeffrey Todd, baritone, is a sophomore vocal performance major and native of Salisbury. He has garnered numerous awards in a very short time, including first place wins at the state and regional NATS competitions and, most recently, third place at the National NATS Student Auditions held in Chicago in July.

John Wixted, tenor, hails from Ronkonkoma, NY. He is a senior, double majoring in music - education and vocal performance. Having much success at the state and regional NATS Student Auditions in both classical and music theater repertoire, John was a national finalist in 2015 in the freshman/sophomore men's musical theatre category.

Special Guests

Dr. Aurélie Van de Wiele is an assistant professor of French at Salisbury University. She holds a Ph.D. in French studies from Rice University and a master's in Francophone studies from Pennsylvania State University. Her research interests focus on 19th and 20th century French poetry, particularly the poetics of the destitute. She has published on Charles Baudelaire and Jacques Prévert, whose poems are showcased in *La Bonne Cuisine*. This semester, she launched a new course titled The French and Their Food, which explores the way in which the French relate to cooking, food consumption and the sheer act of eating. She is very proud to have the students from this course take part in tonight's performance and celebrate the French language and culture by reciting poems on eating and drinking.

Students from the course French 300 (The French and Their Food): Abdul Ajadi, Jordan Bakouche, Holly Huntz, Joachim Kukapa, Summer Manning

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The Department of Music, Theatre and Dance and the Department of Modern Languages and Intercultural Studies

Present LA BONNE CUISINE: *Chant et Poésie*



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2016

HOLLOWAY HALL, GREAT HALL, 7 P.M.

Salisbury
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LA BONNE CUISINE:
Chant et Poésie

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2016 | 7 PM
HOLLOWAY HALL, GREAT HALL

*The SU French and Music programs recognize
La Semaine du français – National French Week*

Artistic Directors

Dr. John Wesley Wright & Dr. Aurélie Van de Wiele

Featuring

Special Guest Artists & SU Alumnae

Dr. Leigh Usilton, soprano
Caitlyn Howard Crowley, soprano
Mary-Tyler Upshaw, mezzo-soprano

SU Voice Majors

Desiree Borges, soprano
Maggie Jones, mezzo-soprano
Adam Beres, tenor
Syed Jaffery, tenor
John Wixted, tenor
Jeffrey Todd, baritone
Patrick Gover, baritone

Collaborative Pianist

Veronica Tomanek

Students from French 300 (The French and Their Food)

Abdul Ajadi
Jordan Bakouche
Holly Huntz
Jochin Kukapa
Summer Manning

Program

"O beau pays de la Touraine" from *Les Huguenots*.....Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)

Caitlyn Howard Crowley, soprano

O beau pays de la Touraine,
Riants jardins, verte fontaine,
Doux ruisseau qui murmure à peine,
Que sur tes bords j'aime à rêver.

O beautiful country of Touraine,
Smiling gardens, green fountain;
Soft murmuring brook barely whispering,
I like to dream on your banks.

A ce mot seul s'anime et renaît la nature;
Les oiseaux l'ont redit sous l'épaisse verdure;
Le ruisseau le répète avec un doux murmure.
La terre, les ondes redisent nos chants.

And this sole word animates nature reborn;
The birds repeat in the thick greenery.
The creek repeated with a soft whisper.
The earth, the waves retell our songs.

Le Corbeau et le renard | "The Crow and the Fox" (1668)

by Jean de la Fontaine; Translation by Lionel Strachey

*Recitation by Abdul Ajadi & Summer Manning

Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage :
« Hé ! bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le Phénix des hôtes de ces bois. »
A ces mots le Corbeau ne se sent pas de joie ;
Et pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit : « Mon bon Monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute :
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute. »
Le Corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

Master Crow, perched on a tree one day,
Was holding in his beak a piece of cheese.
A Master Fox, by the odor drawn that way,
Spoke unto him in words like these:
"Good-morning, my Lord Crow!
How well you look, how handsome you do grow!
Upon my honor, if your note
Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the phoenix of the dwellers in these woods."
At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice;
And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.
The fox seized on't, and said, "My dear good sir,
Learn you that every flatterer
Lives at the expense of him who hears him out.
This lesson is well worth some cheese, no doubt."
The crow, ashamed, and much in pain,
Swore, but a little late, they'd not catch him again.

O Cheese (No. 2 from *Three Donald Hall Songs*).....William Bolcom (b. 1938)
Dr. Leigh Usilton, soprano

L'Huître | The Oyster (1942)

Poem by Francis Ponge; Translation by Guy Bennett

*Recitation by Dr. Aurélie Van de Wiele

L'huître, de la grosseur d'un galet moyen, est d'une apparence plus rugueuse, d'une couleur moins unie, brillamment blanchâtre. C'est un monde opiniâtrement clos. Pourtant on peut l'ouvrir : il faut alors la tenir au creux d'un torchon, se servir d'un couteau ébréché et peu franc, s'y reprendre à plusieurs fois. Les doigts curieux s'y coupent, s'y cassent les ongles : c'est un travail grossier. Les coups qu'on lui porte marquent son enveloppe de ronds blancs, d'une sorte de halos. A l'intérieur l'on trouve tout un monde, à boire et à manger [...].

The oyster, the size of an average pebble, has a coarser appearance, a less even color, brilliantly whitish. It is a stubbornly closed world. It can be opened however: you have to hold it in the hollow of a rag, use a chipped, rather dull knife and go at it several times. Curious fingers are cut, nails broken: it's a rough job. Nicking it, we mark its casing with white circles, sorts of halos. Inside we find an entire world, to eat and drink [...].

“The Tale of the Oyster” from *Fifty Million Frenchmen*.....Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Dr. John Wesley Wright, tenor

“Les Poissons” from *The Little Mermaid*.....Alan Menken & Howard Ashman
Patrick Gover, baritone

“I Can Cook, Too” from *On the Town*.....Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Mary-Tyler Upshaw, mezzo-soprano/belter

***La Bonne Cuisine: Four Recipes*.....Leonard Bernstein**
Dr. Leigh Usilton, soprano

1. Plum Pudding
Text by Émile Dumont

Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Malaga,
Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Corinthe,
Deux cents cinquante grammes de graisse de rognon de bœuf,
Et cent vingt– cinq grammes de mie de pain émiettée,
Soixante grammes de sucre en poudre ou de cassonade,
Un verre de lait; un demi verre de rhum ou d'eau-de-vie;
Trois œufs; un citron!
Muscade, gingembre, cannelle en poudre, mélangés
(En tout la moitié d'une cuillère à café)
Sel fin la moitié d'une cuillère à café.

2. Queues de Boeuf
Text by Émile Dumont

La queues– de bœuf n'est pas un mets à dédaigner.
D'abord avec assez de queues de bœuf,
On peut fair' un pot-au-feu passable.
Les queues qui ont servi à faire le pot-au-feu peuv'nt être mangées
Panées, et grillées, et servies avec une sauce piquante ou tomate.
La queues de bœuf n'est pas un mets à dé daigner

3. Tavouk Gueunksis
Text by Émile Dumont

Tavouk gueunksis, poitrine de poule;
Fait' bouillir une pou!, dont vous prendre les blancs;
Vous les pilerez de façon à cequ'ils se mett' en charpie.
Puis mêleslez, mêleslez avec une bouillie,
Comme celle cidessus, comme celle cidessus du Mahallebi.
Tavouk gueunksis, poitrine de poule.

4. Civet à Tout Vitesse
Text by Émile Dumont

Lors-qu'on sera très pressé,
Voici un' manière de confectioner
Un civet de lièvre que je recommande!
Dépecez le lièvre comme pour le civet ordinaire:
Mettez-le dans une casserole ou un chaudron
Avec son sang et son foie écrasé!
une demie livre de poitrine de porc (coupée en morceaux);
Une vingtaine de petits oignons (un peu de sel et poivr');
Un litre et demi de vin rouge.
Fait' bouillir à tout' vitesse.
Au bout de quinze minutes environ,
Lors-que la sauce est réduite de moitié,
Approchez un papier en-flammé,
De manière à mettre le feu au ragout.
Lors-qu'il sera éteint,
Liez la sauce avec un' demi-livre
De beurre manié de farine...Servez.

1. Plum Pudding
Translation by John Wesley Wright

250 grams of Malaga grapes (golden raisins),
250 grams of grapes from Corinth (currants);
250 grams of beef kidney fat,
And 125 grams of bread crumbs,
60 grams of powdered or brown sugar,
A glass of milk, a half' glass of rum or brandy,
3 eggs, a lemon!
Nutmeg, ginger, cinnamon, mixed
(All together about half a teaspoon),
Half a teaspoon of finely ground salt.

2. Oxtails
Translation by John Wesley Wright

Oxtail is not a dish to be disdained.
First, with enough oxtails,
One can make a passable stew.
The tails that were used to make the stew can be eaten
Breaded, and grilled, and served with a spicy or tomato sauce.
Oxtail is not a dish to be disdained.

3. Tavouk Gueunksis
Translation by John Wesley Wright

Tavouk Gueunksis, breast of chicken;
Boil a chicken, take the white meat
And chop it into shreds.
Mix it, mix it with a broth,
Like the one, like the one for Mahallebi.
Tavouk Gueunksis, breast of chicken.

4. Rabbit at Top Speed
Translation by John Wesley Wright

Should you be in a hurry,
Here's a method for preparing
A rabbit stew that I recommend!
Cut up the rabbit as for an ordinary stew:
Put it in a pan or a pot
With its blood and liver mashed!
A half pound of pork breast (cut into pieces);
Twenty small onions (a dash of salt and pepper);
A liter and a half of red wine.
Bring this all to a boil.
After about fifteen minutes,
When the sauce is reduced to half,
Light paper in order to
Set fire to the stew.
When turned off,
Add to the sauce a half a pound
Of butter mixed with flour...Serve.



Le Pain | Bread (1942)

Poem by Francis Ponge; Translation by Lee Fahnestock

*Recitation by Jordan Bakouche

La surface du pain est merveilleuse d'abord à cause de cette impression quasi panoramique qu'elle donne : comme si l'on avait à sa disposition sous la main les Alpes, le Taurus ou la Cordillère des Andes. Ainsi donc une masse amorphe en train d'éructer fut glissée pour nous dans le four stellaire, où durcissant elle s'est façonnée en vallées, crêtes, ondulations, crevasses... Et tous ces plans dès lors si nettement articulés, ces dalles minces où la lumière avec application couche ses feux, – sans un regard pour la mollesse ignoble sous-jacente [...].

The crust on a loaf of French bread is a marvel, first off, because of the almost panoramic impression it gives, as although one had the Alps, the Taurus range, or even the Andean Cordillera right in the palm of the hand. In that light, an amorphous belching mass was slipped into the stellar oven on our behalf, and there while hardening, it molded into valleys, ridges, foothills, rifts...And from then on, all those clearly articulated planes, all the wafer-thin slabs where light takes care to bank its rays – without a thought for the disgraceful mush beneath the surface [...].

Chanson triste.....Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

John Wixted, tenor

Chanson triste

Text by Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été.
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai.

Sad Song

Translation by John Wesley Wright

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape life's troubles,
I will drown myself in your light.

I will forget past griefs,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calmness of your arms.

You will take my sick head,
Oh! sometimes on your knees,
And recite a ballad to it
That will seem to speak of us,

And from your eyes filled with sadness,
From your eyes then I will drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That, perhaps, I will heal.

Grasse matinée | Over Sleeping (1946)

Poem by Jacques Prévert; Translation by Walter Ruhlmann

*Recitation by Abdul Ajadi, Jordan Bakouche, Holly Huntz, Joachin Kukapa, Summer Manning

Il est terrible
le petit bruit de l'oeuf dur cassé sur un comptoir d'étain
il est terrible ce bruit
quand il remue dans la mémoire de l'homme qui a faim
elle est terrible aussi la tête de l'homme
la tête de l'homme qui a faim

It is terrible
the cracking noise of the boiled egg broken on a tin counter
it is a terrible noise
when it buzzes in the head of a man full of hunger
it is terrible too the man's head
the head of the man full of hunger

Man Eating (No. 6 from *Briefly It Enters*).....William Bolcom & Jane Kenyon
Lime Jello Marshmallow Cottage Cheese Surprise.....William Bolcom

Dr. Leigh Usilton, soprano

L'Âme du vin | The Soul of Wine (1857)

Poem by Charles Baudelaire; Translation by William Aggeler

*Recitation by Holly Huntz & Joachin Kukapa

Un soir, l'âme du vin chantait dans les bouteilles:
« Homme, vers toi je pousse, ô cher déshérité,
Sous ma prison de verre et mes cires vermeilles,
Un chant plein de lumière et de fraternité!
Je sais combien il faut, sur la colline en flamme,
De peine, de sueur et de soleil cuisant
Pour engendrer ma vie et pour me donner l'âme;
Mais je ne serai point ingrat ni malfaisant,
Car j'éprouve une joie immense quand je tombe
Dans le gosier d'un homme usé par ses travaux,
Et sa chaude poitrine est une douce tombe
Où je me plais bien mieux que dans mes froids caveaux.
Entends-tu retentir les refrains des dimanches
Et l'espoir qui gazouille en mon sein palpitant?
Les coudes sur la table et retroussant tes manches,
Tu me glorifieras et tu seras content [...] »

One night, the soul of wine was singing in the flask:
“O man, dear disinherited! to you I sing
This song full of light and of brotherhood
From my prison of glass with its scarlet wax seals.
I know the cost in pain, in sweat,
And in burning sunlight on the blazing hillside,
Of creating my life, of giving me a soul:
I shall not be ungrateful or malevolent,
For I feel a boundless joy when I flow
Down the throat of a man worn out by his labor;
His warm breast is a pleasant tomb
Where I'm much happier than in my cold cellar.
Do you hear the choruses resounding on Sunday
And the hopes that warble in my fluttering breast?
With sleeves rolled up, elbows on the table,
You will glorify me and be content [...]”

Chanson à boire (No. 3 from *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*).....Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Jeffrey Todd, baritone

Chanson à boire

Text by Paul Morand

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur; mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Drinking Song

Translation by John Wesley Wright

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for losing me in your sweet eyes,
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

Ah! I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've...when I've drunk !

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
Who moans, who cries and swears
Forever being the pale lover
Who waters down his drunkenness!

Ah! I drink to pleasure! ...

quand il se regarde à six heures du matin
dans la glace du grand magasin
une tête couleur de poussière
ce n'est pas sa tête pourtant qu'il regarde
dans la vitrine de chez Potin
il s'en fout de sa tête l'homme
il n'y pense pas
il songe
il imagine une autre tête
une tête de veau par exemple
avec une sauce de vinaigre
ou une tête de n'importe quoi qui se mange
et il remue doucement la mâchoire
doucement
et il grince des dents doucement
car le monde se paye sa tête
et il ne peut rien contre ce monde
et il compte sur ses doigts un deux trois
un deux trois
cela fait trois jours qu'il n'a pas mangé
et il a beau se répéter depuis trois jours
Ça ne peut pas durer
ça dure
trois jours
trois nuits
sans manger
et derrière ces vitres
ces pâtés ces bouteilles ces conserves
poissons morts protégés par les boîtes
boîtes protégées par les vitres
vitres protégées par les flics
flics protégés par la crainte
que de barricades pour six malheureuses sardines..
Un peu plus loin le bistrot
café-crème et croissants chauds
l'homme titube
et dans l'intérieur de sa tête
un brouillard de mots
un brouillard de mots
sardines à manger
oeuf dur café-crème
café arrosé rhum
café-crème
café-crème
café-crime arrosé sang !...
Un homme très estimé dans son quartier
a été égorgé en plein jour
l'assassin le vagabond lui a volé
deux francs
soit un café arrosé
zéro franc soixante-dix
deux tartines beurrées
et vingt-cinq centimes pour le pourboire du garçon.

when he looks at himself at six in the morning
in the window of the super store
a head colour of dust
yet it is not his head he's looking at
in the window of Potin's store
he cares not of his head the man
he's not thinking about it
he's dreaming
he's imagining another head
the head of a calf for instance
with vinegar sauce
or any other head that you can eat
and he slowly moves his jaws
slowly
and he gnashes his teeth
because everybody's mocking on him
and he can't do anything
and he counts on his fingers one two three
one two three
he hasn't had anything to eat for three days
and he may be saying to himself for three days
it can't go on
it does
three days
three nights
nothing to eat
and behind these windows
the pâté the bottles the cans
dead fish protected by cans
cans protected by windows
windows protected by cops
cops protected by dread
so many barricades for only six sardines...
Further on stands a snack
cream-coffee and fresh croissants
the man staggers
and inside his head
a fog of words
a fog of words
sardines to eat
boiled eggs cream-coffee
coffee topped up with rum
cream-coffee
cream-coffee
crime-coffee splattered with blood!...
A man highly regarded in his neighbourhood
was murdered in daylight
the murderer the tramp stole from him
two francs
that is to say a topped-up coffee
zero francs seventy
two slices of bread and butter
and twenty-five cents for the waiter's tip.

“Ah! quel dîner!” from *La Périchole*.....**Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)**

Maggie Jones, mezzo-soprano

Ah! quel dîner je viens de faire Et quel vin extraordinaire! J'en ai tant bu, mais tant, tant, tant, Que je crois bien que maintenant Je suis un peu grise, Mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise, chut! Faut pas, faut pas! Chut!	Ah! what a lunch I have just had And what extraordinary wine! I drank so much of it, so much, so much, That I am fairly certain that now I am a little tipsy, But shh! We must not let anyone know, shh! Must not, must not! Shh!
Si ma parole est un peu vague, Si tout en marchant je zigzague, Et si mon oeil est égrillard, Il ne faut s'en étonner car Je suis un peu grise, mais chut! Faut pas qu'on le dise, chut! Faut pas, faut pas! Chut!	If my speech is somewhat vague, If whilst walking I zigzag, If my eye wanders, Do not be astonished because I am a little tipsy, But shh! We must not let anyone know, shh! Must not, must not! Shh!

“O vin, dissipe la tristesse” from *Hamlet*.....**Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)**

Jeffrey Todd, baritone

-O vin, dissipe la tristesse Qui pèse sur mon coeur! A moi les rêves de l'ivresse Et le rire moqueur! O liqueur enchanteresse, Verse l'ivresse Et l'oubli dans mon coeur! Douce liqueur! La vie est sombre Les ans sont courts; De nos beaux jours Dieu sait le nombre Chacun hélas! porte ici-bas Sa lourde chaîne! Cruels devoirs, Longs désespoirs De l'âme humaine! Loin de nous, noirs présages! Ah!	Oh wine, dissipate the sadness That lies heavy upon my heart! To me give the dreams of intoxication And the mocking laughter! O enchanting liqueur, Pour drunkenness And forgetfulness into my heart! Sweet liqueur! Life is somber; The years are short. Of our beautiful days God knows the number. Each person, alas! carries here His heavy chain! Cruel duties, Slow despairs Of the human soul! Away from us, black omens! Ah!
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Selections from *Die Fledermaus*.....Johann Strauss (1825-1899)

Drink My Darling, Drink to Me
Chacun à son gout!
Champagne's Delicious Bubbles

Syed Jaffery, tenor; Desiree Borges, soprano; Adam Beres, tenor;
Maggie Jones, mezzo-soprano & Ensemble

Faculty Artists

Collaborative Pianist **Veronica Tomanek** is on the music faculty of the University of Maryland Eastern Shore in the Department of Fine Arts. She is also staff accompanist/coach for the Wright Voice Studio in the Department of Music, Theatre and Dance at Salisbury University, and she serves as the music director at St. Alban's Episcopal Church in Salisbury. Veronica has taught at the University of Connecticut, Wesleyan University and Brookdale Community College in Lincroft, NJ. She frequently performs throughout the Mid-Atlantic and New England as a chamber musician, piano and organ soloist, choral director, music director for musical theater productions, and accompanist. She held the post of principal pianist/keyboardist with the Eastern Connecticut Symphony Orchestra for 16 years. She also has performed with the United States Coast Guard Band and Chamber Players, the Silver Bay Quartet, and with many other instrumentalists, vocalists and choral groups. She has a Master of Music in piano performance from the University of Connecticut and has a diploma in piano performance from the Rouen Conservatory, Rouen, France. She lives in Salisbury, MD.

Dr. John Wesley Wright, tenor, is known for his artistic and soulful interpretations of music from baroque to Broadway. Holding degrees from Maryville College and the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, his diversity as an artist has afforded him tours as a soloist and in professional ensembles throughout the United States, Europe and Japan. As a concert singer, he has worked with such conductors as Nicolas McGegan at the Pacific Music Festival in Sapporo, Japan, and with Ton Koopman, as a member of the Amsterdam Baroque Choir. Many of Wright's concert career experiences have been collaborations with the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra (DPO) under the baton of Neal Gittleman. With Gittleman and the DPO he has sung the title roles of Bach's *St. John* and *St. Matthew Passions*, Britten's *War Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah*, Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, and Einhorn's *Voices of Light*. In May 2011, Wright returned to Ohio and was critically acclaimed for his interpretation of the Celebrant role in Bernstein's *Mass: A Theater Piece for Singers, Players, and Dancers* – the only fully staged production in the continental United States. Wright is the gold medalist and top prizewinner of the Savannah Music Festival's American Traditions Vocal Competition 2000 and is currently a member of the internationally acclaimed American Spiritual Ensemble. He is a native of Rome, GA, and joined the Salisbury University music faculty in 2006.

Guest Artists / Alumnae

Caitlin Howard Crowley, soprano, is a native of Allen, MD. She attended Salisbury University from 2009 to 2013, graduating with a degree in vocal performance and music education, studying with Dr. John Wesley Wright. She recently finished her master's degree in vocal performance with a Vocal Pedagogy Certificate at the University of Kentucky, where she studied with Dr. Angelique Clay. Caitlyn has garnered many state and regional awards for her performances. Currently, she teaches choir at Bennett Middle School.

Mezzo-soprano **Mary-Tyler Upshaw** studied vocal performance at Shenandoah Conservatory and Salisbury University. Her students are currently working as professional stage directors, award-winning film directors, and can be seen on the stages of several colleges and universities. She has performed over 20 roles with professional theatre and opera companies, including the Washington National Opera, New Orleans Opera Association and Riverside Theatre. Favorite roles include, Little Red Riding Hood (*Into the Woods*), Angelina (*La Cenerentola*), Susanna Walcott (*The Crucible*) and Mother Abbess (*The Sound of Music*). Her one-woman show, which she wrote, produced and starred in, was seen at the Charm City Fringe Festival last year. Her most prestigious award is the Grammy, won for best choral performance (Britten's *War Requiem*). Her research includes post-partum somatic work regarding diastasis recti.

Dr. Leigh Usilton is assistant professor of music at West Virginia Wesleyan College in Buckhannon, WV. A native of Maryland, Usilton brings a wide range of musical experience to her teaching and performance, often highlighting the vast American musical landscape: music theater, art song, contemporary and commercial styles, and the areas in between. Her research focuses on issues of vocal production and performance in music theatre and contemporary commercial music, specifically the female belt/mix voice. She holds the B.A. in music from Salisbury University, the M.A. in vocal performance (music theater concentration) from New York University, and the DMA in vocal pedagogy and performance from West Virginia University.

Student Artists

Adam Beres, tenor, made his first vocal appearances at SU on an American Spiritual Ensemble Master Class and now in *La Bonne Cuisine*. He is a freshman music - education major and hails from Pasadena, MD.

Desiree Borges, soprano, is a junior music major from La Plata, MD. Recently featured in the musical *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, she is the 2016 MD/DC NATS winner and regional finalist in the area of musical theater.

Patrick Gover, baritone, also made his first vocal appearances at SU on an American Spiritual Ensemble Master Class and now in *La Bonne Cuisine*. He is a freshman music - vocal performance major and hails from Clarksville, MD.